

Weils told me if I pointed out the way Booth

gone I was not to be prevailed, and I told him that I would not go. He then said that he would order me to cross the Potomac; the army would be sent in my room as the Ricks' and mine. I was then taken to the Ricks' house in the afternoon of the 11th April. I was called to see me and left the coat there is his care, and I left it being to him as you can see. I was then taken to the Ricks' house and I was with the name of his sister, Mrs. Naylor; now I shall state how I passed the night. I was taken to the Ricks' house at 12 o'clock, after about 3 o'clock, I went to Ketter's stable on Eighth street near D, and hired a horse and carriage. I was then taken to the Ricks' house, and on my return put me up at Naylor's stable; the dark bay horse which I had hired was taken to the Ricks' house. I was then taken to Naylor's stable, and also the saddle and bridle. I had charge of him to sell him, and I was then taken to Naylor's stable. In the evening I went to Naylor's again, and took out the mare; I rode out for an hour, and

night, and I told him to keep the mare ready at ten o'clock. I went to reason her to the man I hired her from; from there I went to the Herring House; both sent a message to Oyster Bay. Where I was, saying he wanted to see me, and I went; both wanted me to murder Mr. Johnson. I then went to the 'Oyster Bay,' on the avenue above Twelfth street, and whilled away the time till about ten; I got the mare, and having done so I took with the hostler, galloped to the stable, and then to the Kimmel House; from there I rode down to the depot and reformed my horse, riding up Pennsylvania Avenue to Keltner's; from Keltner's I went to the Navy Yard to get a room with Wash. Briscoe; he had none, and by the time I got back to the Kimmel House it was near two the man

"I was a stranger I met on the street;
 Next morning, as stated, I went to my cousin
 Richter's in McHenry county.
 "GEORGE A. ATZEROTH."
 Counsel then pleaded in behalf of Atzeroth;
 and was followed by Mr. Alkon in defence of
 the State.
 The Court then adjourned.

MARS AND CUPID.
 BY ARTHUR BANG.

Grim Mars had done his horrid work,
 His exultance and of deeds,
 Upon a thousand battle fields,
 And drew his sword and shield,
 Throughout Virginia's lovely plains
 Each hearth was sad and dreary.

I Were lost, despairing, near.
 Yours Cupid, ravine from above
 The son of day and night
 Keen'd, at once, to so and try
 His swelling emotion.
 Still to the land, with saddened wing,
 The little bird that came to see
 But oh! the same had met the case,
 Place known, set him crying.
 Perch'd on a lone and lofty rock
 With in the old song,
 The Muse but first drew the eyes,
 Then this act is his.
 "Oh, Man—then wild and cruel wretch,
 In merry daunting,
 Teaching sounds to fly, hearts,
 And all my efforts bring;
 "If wounds then must infect, when thou

Why dost thou weep down to mine, that die
 As when I strike the deeper?
 Ah! what a shame to speed thy grave
 To his the earth will give!
 When every purple drop of mine
 Mixes the heart with sadness.

"Instead of forging leaden balls,
 With bird the earth to spurn,
 Make these where mine a host of youth
 From night to night will turn,
 Instead of hostile infantry
 Destroying one another,
 Give me the peaceful infantry
 That gladden every mother.

"Yet, think not, monster, that thy deeds
 This noble land can mend;
 Nor that the hatred wrought by thee
 Shall rankle on forever;
 No—by my bow, righteous Mars—
 I will not rest till I have seen
 The blood of all thy race
 Flow on the battle plain."

Virginia shall yet see thee hold
Thy hat to strike Cupid."

Thus having spoke, he then began
To glance on his handsome air,
And all the things he brought over home
I should not tell you here;
O! Time had given him a box
Of nice smelling power,
To cure all wounds, and broken hearts,
And soothe all griefs and fears.

To stop all mouth of ranting fools
He had a bunch of reason;
And built all common-sense for those
Who think their own is reason:
To cure poor Northern sinners
Of their vindictive blindness,
He had a lot of finer ink
Than make of human kindness.

My Gerv had soon wisely sent

A-po-poo of Vash dimes-u-o-a
 Fat and juicy Jaws of the lips eat
 All nations: domestic, foreign
 Self-interest, commerce, too, she eat,
 All money down in poetic
 And, for cantata, quill and ink
 On eggs and good straight-jackets.

"With thee," said Cypid, "I can see
 So safely on my mission,
 Dedicating all the wicked wills
 Of fool or politician;
 And when I see a passion warm I spread
 My flocks of every station,
 I'll speed my arrows, tipped in love,
 And send this happy nation."

Straight to the White House then he flew,
 Unhatched beyond measure,
 And spread in America his wings
 Beneath the President's hand
 Miter'd a smiling love-poet:
 The President first kissed the boy,

Where seething politicians met,
And sat upon 's-days tallied,
He sprinkled truth and common sense,
And all that was occurred;
When editors tried his
For him to longer plead—
They paid brain at risk to write
The most fraternal leaders,
Of men and nobles too, also
He found himself rebuffed,
But later repaid with cash copies
Of nature's elements;
Ben Wood and Philip, needing vests—
And Oliver, too, and Ned, too,
And when such talks as Flaxton's
Without a thought he gave 'em,
Where men met back, they he threw

get into time to guide 'em."
 And when he was in 'th' Yanks' or 'reba,"
 He'd be a-singin' his 'ol' 'ol' 'ol' 'ol'
 C'mon there westward 'o'er the land
 Was 'th' bloody work 'o' war,
 And soon—such a word to pleasure 'em burned—
 The joyous catch was leav'ning.

 Then, having tamed the race of man,
 And t'ring from his abode,
 He thought of all his sorrow,
 With weepin' most his jaw;
 He died in their awful hearts,
 And saw the light again;
 "Aha," he cried, "this shall not be;
 I'll settle you, my race."

 "No North, no South, no East, no West,
 Is known; Is known;
 And, spite of all your pride or pride,
 You still shall own
 The great beauty of the South
 And the great beauty of the South

With Yankee shill be mated,
And Eastern maidens yet shall love
The Southrons whom they hailed,"

He strideth away rejoiced his bow; his face
With radiant light was all aglow,
And lightning arrows, thick as hail,
O'er North and South he wont streaming:
In such a catastrophic hour,
When hatred lay cool and true,
The his awful war plumed himself,
All latest good revealing.

As the proud archer viewed his foe,
So Hazed, soon forever,
Another armations rang
At his swift exordium:
Each "Yankee" had his Southern love,
So lustreous, bright, and bonnie—
While every blue-eyed Northern maid
Was dying with her "Johnny!"

N. P. Will publishes some reminiscences of Jeff Davis's visits to West Point, when he used to arrive about the place in green goggles, and once: "To him, we (as did everybody else who we ever heard speak of him) took an unconquerable aversion. He seemed but a lank, skiny, detestable reptile without one redeeming quality; and what should have commended him to our approval and preference of the Southern people was always, to us, since, matter of the roundest mystery. Not so the case with that other man, who, I am compelled—fascinating to all who approached her, and a motive of devotion to her incomprehensible wizard."

of arms and trophies of the Svalbard Fair at Chicago. It is the muster-roll of a militia company raised by Captain Noah Grant, great-grandfather of Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, and bears the date of March 26, 1755. Captain Grant and his brother, Lieutenant Solomon Grant, were afterwards killed at the battle of White Plains, N. Y., in the Revolutionary war.

The Emperor of Austria, having lately made an excursion to Presburg, was warmly received by the Hungarian population.

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James S. Gates, Adm'r, p.ill.,
Quackenbush's, vs. J. M. Holloway, } in Chancery.

A. L. PERSONS HOLDING CLAIMS AGAINST THE
A. estate of the late Alexander Gates are hereby notified to attend in the office of the Commissioner of the Louisville Chancery Court, on and before said claims, as required by law, within six weeks from this date, June 1st, 1891.

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